TOMB OF DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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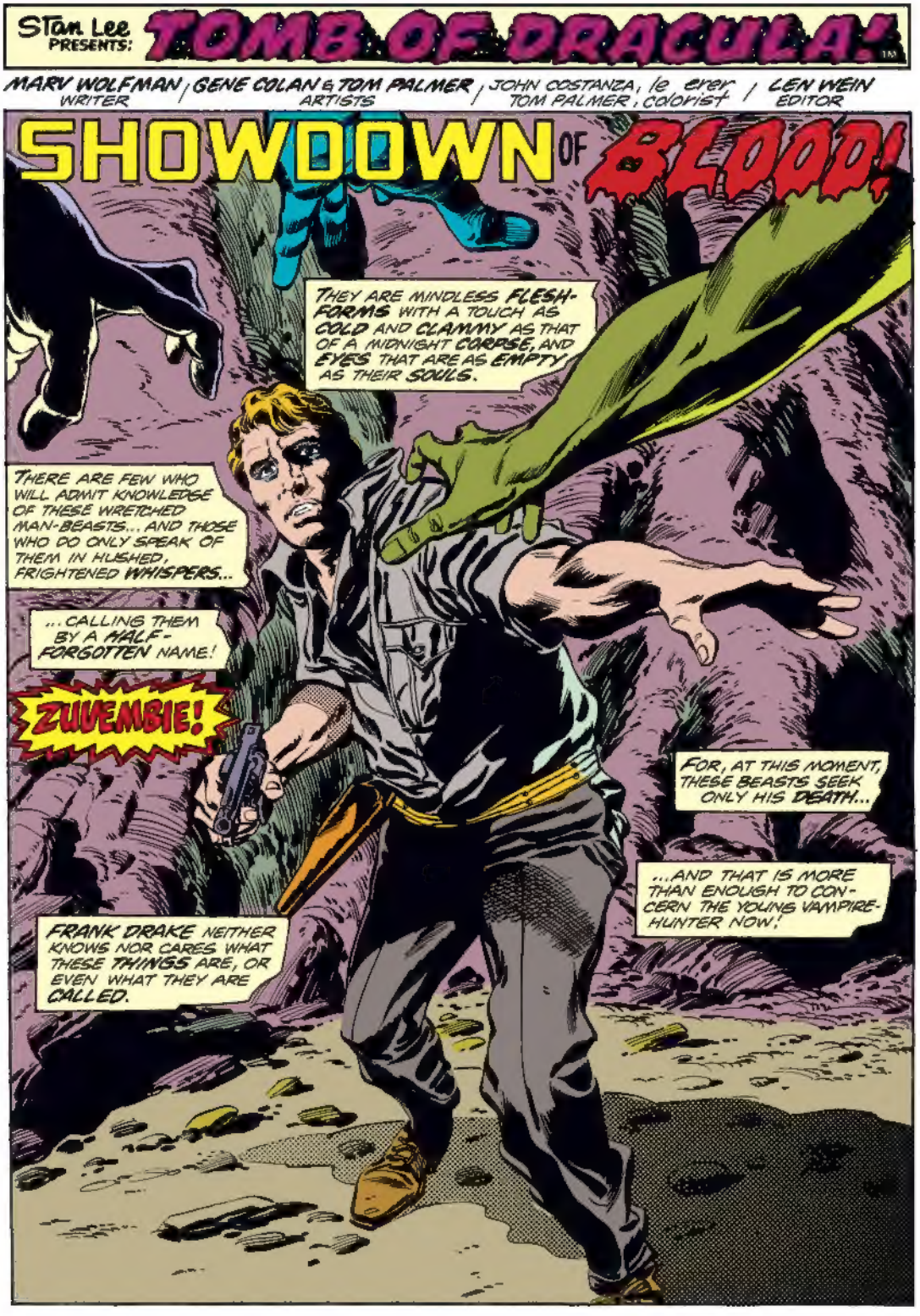
THE TOMB OF DRACULA™

BE PATIENT MEN WITHIN MOMENTS, THAT VAMPIRE WILL WALK RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP!

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR...

BLOODY SHOWDOWN!

A FULL-MOON THRILLER!


STan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!
MARV WOLFMAN / WRITER
GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER / ARTISTS
JOHN COSTANZA, le erer TOM PALMER / Colorist
LEN WEIN / EDITOR
SHOWDOWN OF BLOOD!
THEY ARE MINDLESS FLESH-FORMS WITH A TOUCH AS COLD AND CLAMMY AS THAT OF A MIDNIGHT CORPSE, AND EYES THAT ARE AS EMPTY AS THEIR SOULS.
THERE ARE FEW WHO WILL ADMIT KNOWLEDGE OF THESE WRETCHED MAN-BEASTS... AND THOSE WHO DO ONLY SPEAK OF THEM IN HUSHED, FRIGHTENED WHISPERS...
...CALLING THEM BY A HALF-FORGOTTEN NAME!
ZUVEMBIE!
FOR, AT THIS MOMENT, THESE BEASTS SEEK ONLY HIS DEATH...
...AND THAT IS MORE THAN ENOUGH TO CONCERN THE YOUNG VAMPIRE-HUNTER NOW!
FRANK DRAKE NEITHER KNOWS NOR CARES WHAT THESE THINGS ARE, OR EVEN WHAT THEY ARE CALLED.

ONCE THESE CREATURES WERE HUMAN. THEY LIVED, BREATHED, AND LAUGHED AS FRANK DRANK LIVES, BREATHES, AND LAUGHS.
NO MORE. SADLY... NO MORE.
STAND BACK! WHATEVER YOU ARE-- STAND BACK!
LORD! BULLETS DON'T STOP THEM.
NOTHING STOPS THEM!
BAM!
LET ME ALONE. DO YOU HEAR ME?
FOR GOD'S SAKE --PUT ME DOWN!
EXACTLY WHAT THEY INTEND TO DO, DRAKE.
THE BRAZILIAN AIR IS THICK WITH A SULFURIC STENCH AND THE SICKENING STINK ASSAILS FRANK DRAKE'S FLARING NOSTRILS.
BUT HE DOES NOT NOTICE THE AWFUL ODOR. NOT NOW.
IN THE DEEPENING DISTANCE, THE BALEFUL BEATING OF COW-HIDE DRUMS FILL THE JUNGLE NIGHT.
DUM DUM DUM
FRANK FAILS TO HEAR THIS RHYTHMIC WARNING AS WELL.
OH GOD-- RACHEL-- QUINCY!
HELP ME! SOMEONE HELP ME!
A USELESS CRY. FRANK KNOWS THIS, BUT HE CAN DO NOTHING BUT CRY.

DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM
HE IS NOT, AFTER ALL, A VERY COURA-GEOUS INDIVIDUAL...
...WHICH IS WHAT GOT HIM INTO THIS MESS IN THE FIRST PLACE.
THE SKIES, ALREADY PAINTED A DEEP LAMP BLACK, GROW DARKER AS THE COCAPHONOUS DEATH-RATTLE OF VOODOO DRUMS CROWD THE STILL-BORN NIGHT.

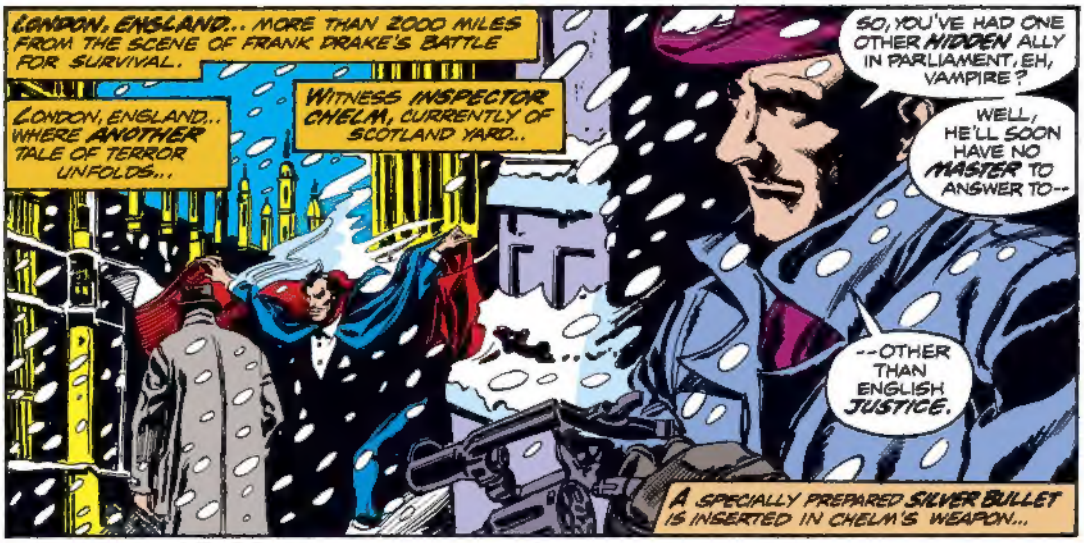
A NIGHT LONG WITH THE GRASPING TOUCH OF BLACK MAGIC. A NIGHT CHARGED WITH THE SEARING ELECTRICITY OF THE OCCULT.
THIS IS NO ORDINARY EVENING, AND EVEN THE MIND-DEADENED ZUVEMBIES CAN SENSE THAT STARTLING FACT.
DUM DUM
ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY TURN TO WITNESS A CLOUD OF AMBER SMOKE BILLOWING BEFORE THEM...

...AND THE DARK EMERALD FORM WHICH GROWS WITHIN.
PUT THE HUMAN DOWN, SOULLESS ONES! PUT HIM DOWN NOW!
MEET NOW THE LEGEND WHICH MEN HAVE NAMED--
--BROTHER VOODOO!

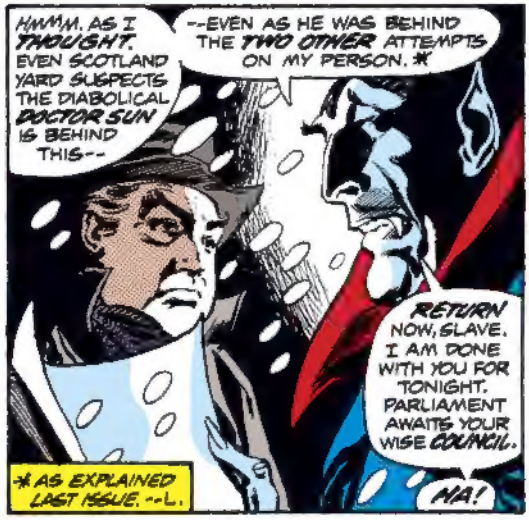
NOOOO!!
HIS WORDS ARE CRISP.. HIS VOICE CURT. HIS TONE CAN NOT BE MISTAKEN.
THIS IS A MAN WHO EXPECTS TO BE OBEYED!
BUT EXPECTATIONS ARE NOT ALWAYS ACHIEVED.

THE MAN FALLS, AND THERE IS NO TIME FOR ME TO REACH HIM.
THUS IT IS UP TO YOU MY LOA BROTHER.
SAVE HIM-- SAVE HIM!

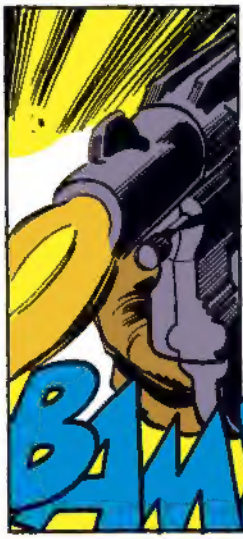
DO NOT ASK US TO EXPLAIN THIS MAN CALLED BROTHER VOODOO. THERE WILL BE TIME AND SPACE FOR THAT ANOTHER DAY.
FOR NOW--SIMPLY STARE IN INCREDULOUS AWE AS THE "SPIRIT-BROTHER" ENTERS FRANK DRAKE'S TUMBLING FORM...
...ENTERS AND POSSESSES THE BODY.. SNAPPING THE ARMS AND LEGS INTO A TAUT WORKING MACHINE.
"DRAKE" SOMERSAULTS IN MID-AIR UNTIL HE HAS GAINED MUCH NEEDED MOMENTUM--
--WHICH CARRIES HIM TO SAFETY ATOP THE CANYON'S EDGE.
OUR PROBLEMS HAVE ONLY BEGUN, MY LOA-BROTHER.
THE SOULLESS ONES HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO SLAY YOUR HOST BODY..
--AND THEY WILL NOT CEASE UNTIL THE HUMAN DIES!

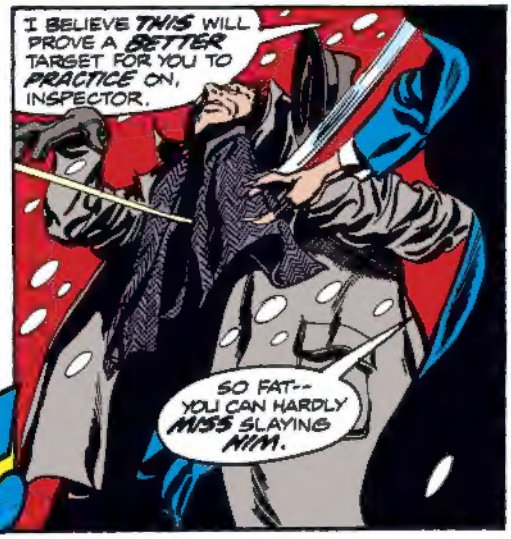

LONDON, ENGLAND... MORE THAN 2000 MILES FROM THE SCENE OF FRANK DRAKE'S BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL.
LONDON, ENGLAND... WHERE ANOTHER TALE OF TERROR UNFOLDS...
WITNESS INSPECTOR CHELM, CURRENTLY OF SCOTLAND YARD...
SO, YOU'VE HAD ONE OTHER HIDDEN ALLY IN PARLIAMENT, EH, VAMPIRE?
WELL, HE'LL SOON HAVE NO MASTER TO ANSWER TO--
--OTHER THAN ENGLISH JUSTICE.
A SPECIALLY PREPARED SILVER BULLET IS INSERTED IN CHELM'S WEAPON...

...AND THE VAMPIRE-SQUAD INSPECTOR MOVES BACK INTO THE SHADOWS... TO WAIT.
VERY GOOD, SLAVE. THESE ARE THE PAPERS I NEEDED...
...TO PROVE THAT MY VAMPIRIC POWERS ARE SOME-HOW BEING STOLEN.


HMMM. AS I THOUGHT. EVEN SCOTLAND YARD SUSPECTS THE DIABOLICAL DOCTOR SUN IS BEHIND THIS--
--EVEN AS HE WAS BEHIND THE TWO OTHER ATTEMPTS ON MY PERSON. *
RETURN NOW, SLAVE. I AM DONE WITH YOU FOR TONIGHT. PARLIAMENT AWAITS YOUR WISE COUNCIL.
MA!
* AS EXPLAINED LAST ISSUE. --L.

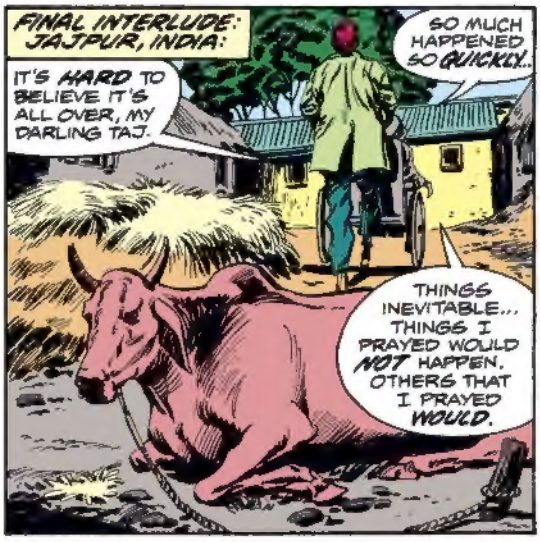
THIS IS IT-- THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE ANY BETTER TIME.
GUIDE MY AIM, LORD. MAKE IT SURE AND STEADY.


BAM!

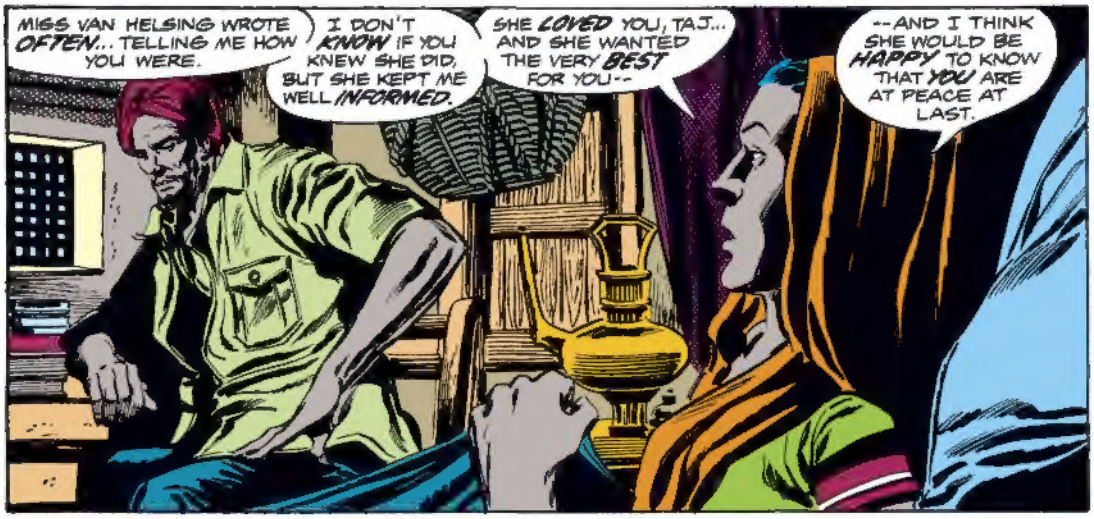

I BELIEVE THIS WILL PROVE A BETTER TARGET FOR YOU TO PRACTICE ON, INSPECTOR.
SO FAT-- YOU CAN HARDLY MISS SLAYING HIM.

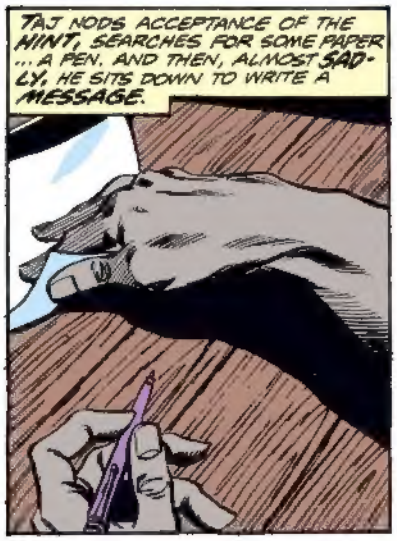
DID YOU THINK I HAD LOST SO MUCH OF MY POWER THAT I COULD NOT WEAR YOU, INSPECTOR?
IF SO, YOU ARE A GREATER FOOL THAN I COULD HAVE EVER EXPECTED.
HERE, CHELM--TAKE YOUR TROPHY--AND EXPLAIN HIM TO YOUR SUPERIORS.
I HAVE BEEN HOPING FOR THIS, CHELM... HOPING TO PAY YOU BACK FOR ALL THE TROUBLE YOU AND YOUR VAMPIRE-SQUAD HAVE CAUSED ME.
EVEN AS YOU EXPLAIN THE MERCILESS BEATING YOU WILL NOW RECIEVE.
SO--AT LAST I HAVE FOUND THE ONE CALLED DRACULA.
IT IS TIME.
I HAVE FOLLOWED YOUR TRAIL FOR MANY YEARS... TOO MANY YEARS TO REMEMBER.
AND NOW THAT I HAVE FOUND YOU, LORD OF VAMPIRES--
--YOU SHALL NOT BE ALLOWED TO ESCAPE MY SIGHT AGAIN.
SO, TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, DRACULA--"MASTER" OF US ALL.
I DO NOT WISH YOU HARMED UNTIL I AM DONE WITH YOU.
THE WHITE-HAIRED VAMPIRE LEERS, AND THEN, CLOAKED BY THE COVERING OF SNOW, CHANGES, RE-SHAPES, AND RISES STEADILY INTO THE FORBODING SKIES.

YOU AND THAT FRASER WOMAN HAVE CAUSED ME COUNTLESS SETBACKS IN THE PAST, CHELM--*
--AND NOW YOU SHALL BE MADE TO PAY FOR THEM.
* GIANT-SIZE DRACULA #'S 1, 2 & 3. --LIKEABLE LEN.
CLONK!
NOT SO FAST, MATE.
NO ONE DIES TONIGHT!
TINKERTON! THANK THE LORD!
IF YOU'RE WELL NOW, INSPECTOR-- GIVE US THE ORDER--
--AND WE'LL KILL THIS MURDERING FIEND!
THEN, PREPARE YOURSELF, TINKERTON-- AND FIRE!
SHOOT TO KILL!
ACTING AS ONE-- THE FIVE MEN FIRE.
BLAM
BLAM
BUT SECONDS TOO LATE.
FOR, DRACULA IS LIKE THE WILL O' THE WISP, AND AS THE BULLETS STRIKE--
--THERE IS NOTHING FOR THEM TO HIT...
...SAVE THE CHILLING COLD WHERE DEATH HAD STOOD ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE.
WE CAME CLOSER THIS TIME, GENTLEMEN. AND SHOULD DRACULA'S POWER CONTINUE TO WANE...
...THERE WILL BE NOTHING TO PREVENT THE NEXT TIME WE MEET FROM BECOMING THE LAST TIME WE MEET.
LET US RETURN TO THE YARD. I AM EXPECTING SOME FRIENDS...
SOME VERY SPECIAL FRIENDS, INDEED.


FINAL INTERLUDE: JAJPUR, INDIA:
SO MUCH HAPPENED SO QUICKLY..
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE IT'S ALL OVER, MY DARLING TAJ.
THINGS INEVITABLE... THINGS I PRAYED WOULD NOT HAPPEN, OTHERS THAT I PRAYED WOULD.

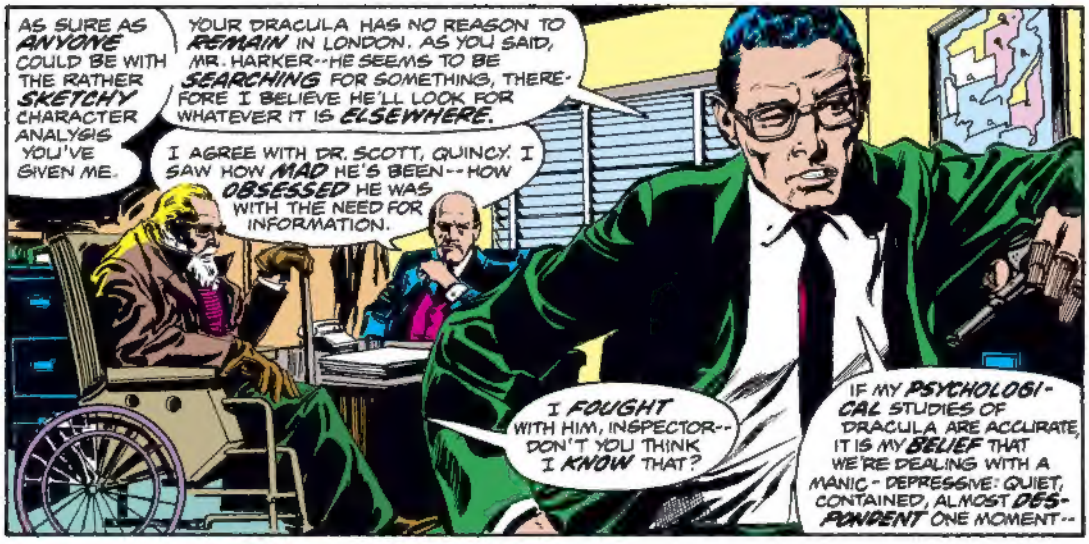
BUT WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN--TOGETHER AFTER FIVE YEARS OF A SEPARATION NEITHER OF US WANTED.
I STAYED HERE--WITH ADRI... AND YOU-- YOU SPENT THOSE YEARS WITH QUINCY HARKER-- WITH RACHEL VAN HELSING.
THEY ARE FINE PEOPLE, MY HUSBAND-- VERY FINE.

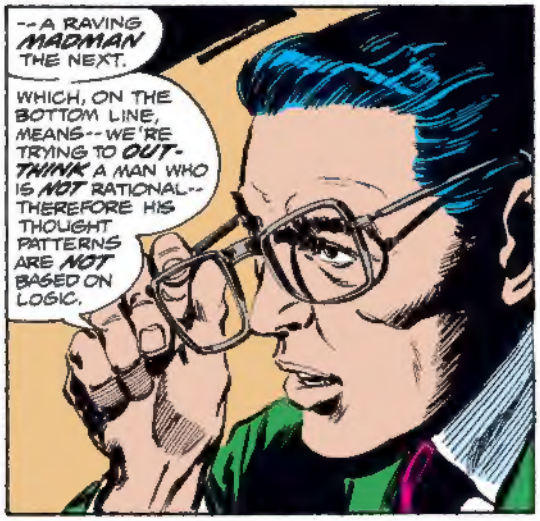

MISS VAN HELSING WROTE OFTEN... TELLING ME HOW YOU WERE.
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU KNEW SHE DID, BUT SHE KEPT ME WELL INFORMED.
SHE LOVED YOU, TAJ... AND SHE WANTED THE VERY BEST FOR YOU--
--AND I THINK SHE WOULD BE HAPPY TO KNOW THAT YOU ARE AT PEACE AT LAST.

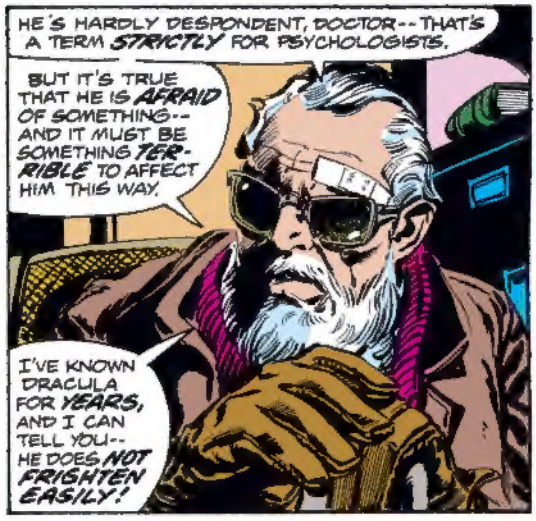

TAJ NODS ACCEPTANCE OF THE HINT, SEARCHES FOR SOME PAPER ... A PEN. AND THEN, ALMOST SADLY, HE SITS DOWN TO WRITE A MESSAGE.

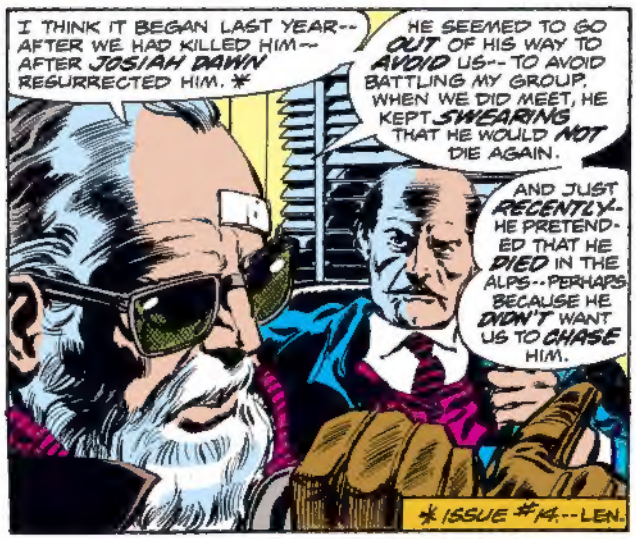
A FINAL FAREWELL TO A WOMAN HE GREATLY CARED FOR.
Dear Rachel,
I am so
END, FINAL INTERLUDE.

SCOTLAND YARD, ENGLAND:
FRANKLY, INSPECTOR CHELM, MR. HARKER-- MY FEELING IN THIS MATTER IS THAT THERE IS LITTLE HOPE IN SEARCHING FOR DRACULA HERE IN LONDON.
ARE YOU SURE, DR. SCOTT?


AS SURE AS ANYONE COULD BE WITH THE RATHER SKETCHY CHARACTER ANALYSIS YOU'VE GIVEN ME.
YOUR DRACULA HAS NO REASON TO REMAIN IN LONDON. AS YOU SAID, MR. HARKER--HE SEEMS TO BE SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING, THEREFORE I BELIEVE HE'LL LOOK FOR WHATEVER IT IS ELSEWHERE.
I AGREE WITH DR. SCOTT, QUINCY. I SAW HOW MAD HE'S BEEN--HOW OBSESSED HE WAS WITH THE NEED FOR INFORMATION.
I FOUGHT WITH HIM, INSPECTOR--DON'T YOU THINK I KNOW THAT?
IF MY PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES OF DRACULA ARE ACCURATE, IT IS MY BELIEF THAT WE'RE DEALING WITH A MANIC-DEPRESSIVE: QUIET, CONTAINED, ALMOST DESPONDENT ONE MOMENT--


--A RAVING MADMAN THE NEXT.
WHICH, ON THE BOTTOM LINE, MEANS--WE'RE TRYING TO OUTTHINK A MAN WHO IS NOT RATIONAL--THEREFORE HIS THOUGHT PATTERNS ARE NOT BASED ON LOGIC.

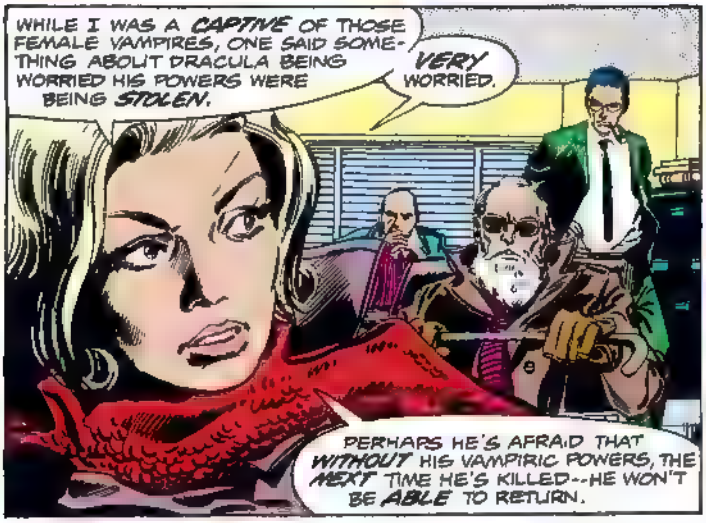

HE'S HARDLY DESPONDENT, DOCTOR--THAT'S A TERM STRICTLY FOR PSYCHOLOGISTS.
BUT IT'S TRUE THAT HE IS AFRAID OF SOMETHING--AND IT MUST BE SOMETHING TERRIBLE TO AFFECT HIM THIS WAY.
I'VE KNOWN DRACULA FOR YEARS, AND I CAN TELL YOU--HE DOES NOT FRIGHTEN EASILY!

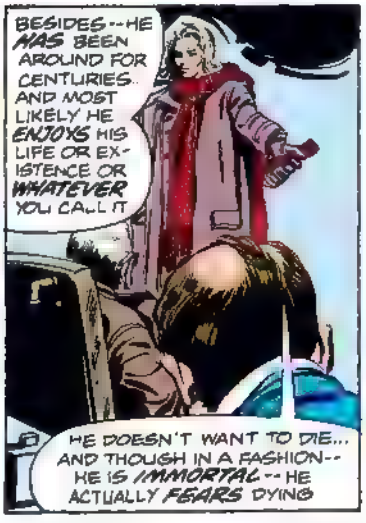

I THINK IT BEGAN LAST YEAR--AFTER WE HAD KILLED HIM--AFTER JOSIAH DAWN RESURRECTED HIM. *
HE SEEMED TO GO OUT OF HIS WAY TO AVOID US--TO AVOID BATTLING MY GROUP. WHEN WE DID MEET, HE KEPT SWEARING THAT HE WOULD NOT DIE AGAIN.
AND JUST RECENTLY--HE PRETENDED THAT HE DIED IN THE ALPS--PERHAPS BECAUSE HE DIDN'T WANT US TO CHASE HIM.
* ISSUE #14--LEN.

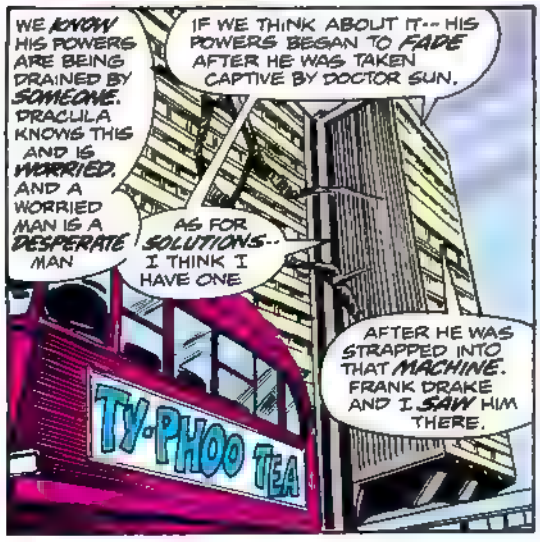
QUITE RIGHT, MR. HARKER. ACCEPTED THAT DRACULA IS SOME SORT OF DEMON. BUT, IF I AM CORRECT--HE ONCE WAS A MAN.
AND NO MATTER WHAT HE NOW IS--HE IS STILL OBSESSED WITH WHATEVER FEARS HE HAD WHILE HUMAN.
CASE IN POINT: DEATH!

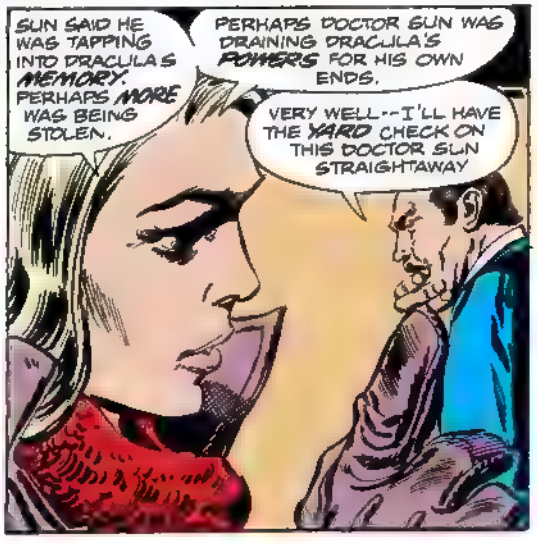
FASCINATING. A DEMON WHO HAS LIVED FOR MORE THAN FIVE CENTURIES-- A DEMON WHO HAS BEEN KILLED SCORES OF TIMES.
...IS AFRAID OF DEATH
YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK. ALL OF YOU.

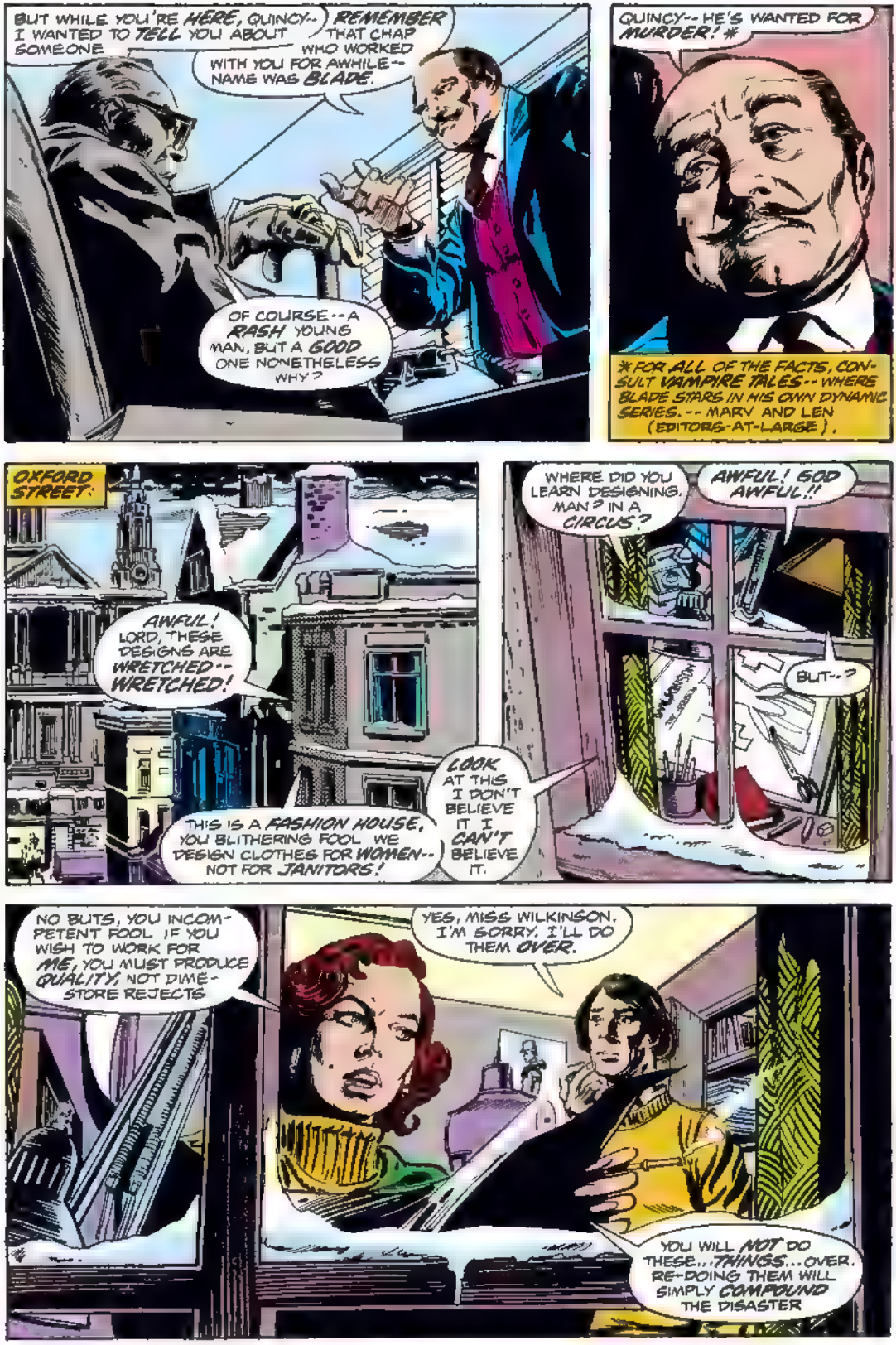
RACHEL! WHEN DID YOU GET HERE?
A FEW MOMENTS AGO, QUINCY BUT I WAS LISTENING.
DR SCOTT-- MAY I INTRODUCE MYSELF? RACHEL VAN HELSING-- DOCTOR OF PSYCHOLOGY AND PARA-PSYCHOLOGY


WHILE I WAS A CAPTIVE OF THOSE FEMALE VAMPIRES, ONE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT DRACULA BEING WORRIED HIS POWERS WERE BEING STOLEN.
VERY WORRIED.
PERHAPS HE'S AFRAID THAT WITHOUT HIS VAMPIRIC POWERS, THE NEXT TIME HE'S KILLED--HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RETURN.

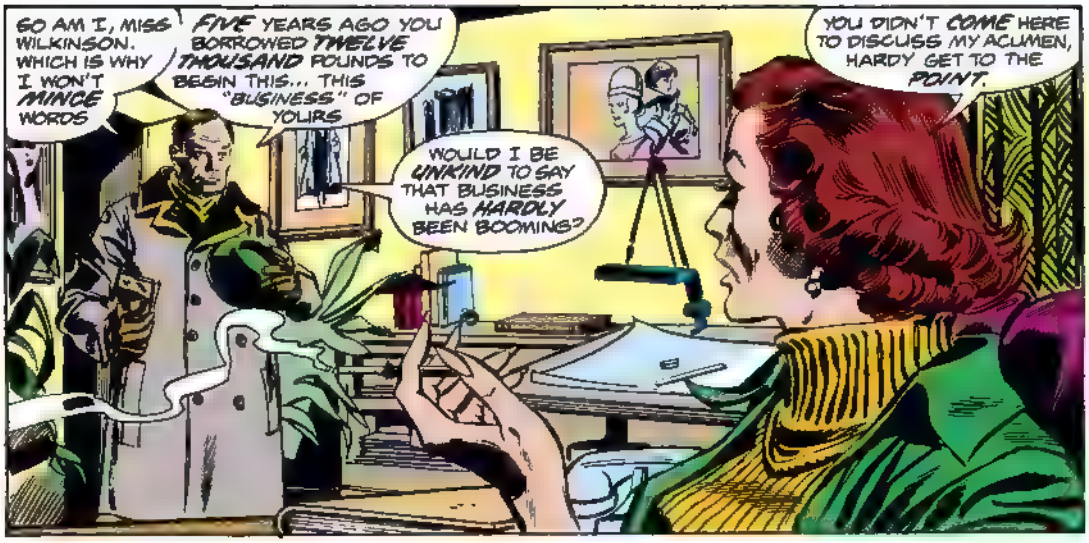

BESIDES--HE HAS BEEN AROUND FOR CENTURIES. AND MOST LIKELY HE ENJOYS HIS LIFE OR EXISTENCE OR WHATEVER YOU CALL IT
HE DOESN'T WANT TO DIE... AND THOUGH IN A FASHION-- HE IS IMMORTAL-- HE ACTUALLY FEARS DYING


WE KNOW HIS POWERS ARE BEING DRAINED BY SOMEONE. DRACULA KNOWS THIS AND IS WORRIED. AND A WORRIED MAN IS A DESPERATE MAN
IF WE THINK ABOUT IT-- HIS POWERS BEGAN TO FADE AFTER HE WAS TAKEN CAPTIVE BY DOCTOR SUN.
AS FOR SOLUTIONS-- I THINK I HAVE ONE.
AFTER HE WAS STRAPPED INTO THAT MACHINE. FRANK DRAKE AND I SAW HIM THERE.
TY-PHOO TEA


SUN SAID HE WAS TAPPING INTO DRACULA'S MEMORY. PERHAPS MORE WAS BEING STOLEN.
PERHAPS DOCTOR SUN WAS DRAINING DRACULA'S POWERS FOR HIS OWN ENDS.
VERY WELL--I'LL HAVE THE YARD CHECK ON THIS DOCTOR SUN STRAIGHTAWAY

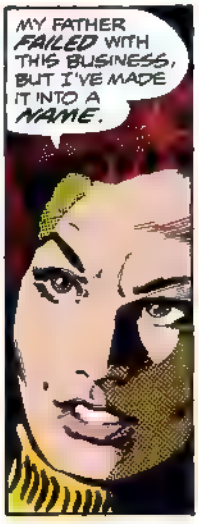

BUT WHILE YOU'RE HERE, QUINCY-- I WANTED TO TELL YOU ABOUT SOMEONE
REMEMBER THAT CHAP WHO WORKED WITH YOU FOR AWHILE-- NAME WAS BLADE.
OF COURSE--A RASH YOUNG MAN, BUT A GOOD ONE NONETHELESS WHY?
QUINCY-- HE'S WANTED FOR MURDER! *
* FOR ALL OF THE FACTS, CONSULT VAMPIRE TALES-- WHERE BLADE STARS IN HIS OWN DYNAMIC SERIES. -- MARV AND LEN (EDITORS-AT-LARGE).
OXFORD STREET:
AWFUL! LORD, THESE DESIGNS ARE WRETCHED-- WRETCHED!
THIS IS A FASHION HOUSE, YOU BLITHERING FOOL WE DESIGN CLOTHES FOR WOMEN-- NOT FOR JANITORS!
LOOK AT THIS I DON'T BELIEVE IT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.
WHERE DID YOU LEARN DESIGNING, MAN? IN A CIRCUS?
AWFUL! GOD AWFUL!!
BUT--?
NO BUTS, YOU INCOMPETENT FOOL IF YOU WISH TO WORK FOR ME, YOU MUST PRODUCE QUALITY, NOT DIME-STORE REJECTS
YES, MISS WILKINSON. I'M SORRY. I'LL DO THEM OVER.
YOU WILL NOT DO THESE...THINGS...OVER. RE-DOING THEM WILL SIMPLY COMPOUND THE DISASTER

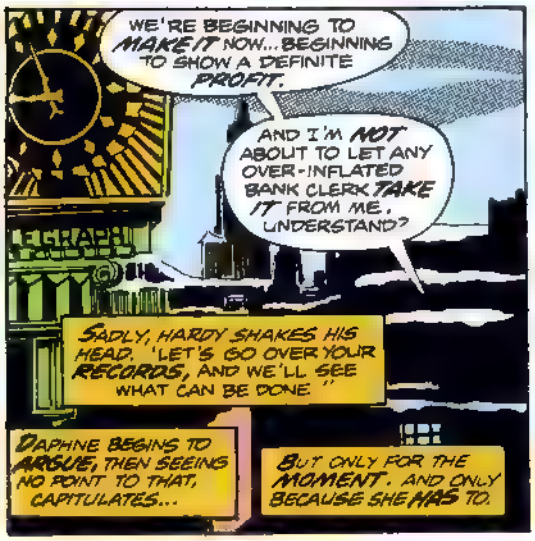
YOU WILL START FROM SCRATCH. YOU WILL FORGET THESE ABOMINABLE EYESORES EVER EXISTED.
IN SHORT, BRUCE-- YOU WILL BEGIN AS IF THIS NEVER HAPPENED.
LET ME THANK YOU FOR THIS SECOND CHANCE, MISS WILKINSON.
DON'T THANK ME, BRUCE-- PRODUCE!
YOU HAVE TWO WEEKS TO SHOW ME THAT YOU'RE BRILLIANT..
...OR YOU WILL LEARN WHAT WAITING IN THE UNEMPLOYMENT LINE IS ALL ABOUT.
NOW, GET OUT OF HERE...
..AND DON'T COME BACK UNTIL YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW ME.
YES, MISS WILKINSON.
I HOPE YOU WERE WATCHING THAT, MOTHER-- BECAUSE YOU'VE SEEN HOW MEN SHOULD BE TREATED--
OTHERWISE THEY TRY TO WALK OVER YOU... TRAMPLE YOU INTO THE DIRT.
BUT YOU NEVER LEARNED THAT. YOU REMAINED QUIET. MEEK, SILENT...
...WHILE FATHER GROUND YOUR LAST BIT OF SELF-RESPECT INTO THE FLOOR-BOARDS.
all our Love Mom and Dad
THAT ISN'T GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME, MOTHER
I'VE GOT POWER, AND MOTHER--I KNOW HOW TO USE IT.., HOW TO MILK IT FOR ALL IT'S WORTH.
YOU JUST BETTER BELIE--
MISS WILKINSON. MR. HARDY FROM THE BANK IS HERE. HE WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU
ON
OFF
VOLUME
OH WELL... LET HIM IN, EDGAR BUT TELL HIM I'M A BUSY PERSON


SO AM I, MISS WILKINSON. WHICH IS WHY I WON'T MINCE WORDS
FIVE YEARS AGO YOU BORROWED TWELVE THOUSAND POUNDS TO BEGIN THIS... THIS "BUSINESS" OF YOURS
WOULD I BE UNKIND TO SAY THAT BUSINESS HAS HARDLY BEEN BOOMING?
YOU DIDN'T COME HERE TO DISCUSS MY ACUMEN, HARDY GET TO THE POINT.

THE POINT IS--YOU HAVE FALLEN BEHIND ON YOUR NOTES.
YOU HAVE NOT PAID US FOR SIX MONTHS, YOU HAVE NOT RESPONDED TO OUR LETTERS
AND UNTIL NOW, YOU HAVE REFUSED TO SPEAK WITH ANY OF OUR REPRESENTATIVES.

AND YOUR ATTITUDE IS THE REASON, HARDY.
BESIDES WHICH, THERE IS A RECESSION OUT THERE. A BAD ONE. IT'S HURTING EVERYONE.
THE FASHION INDUSTRY INCLUDED.

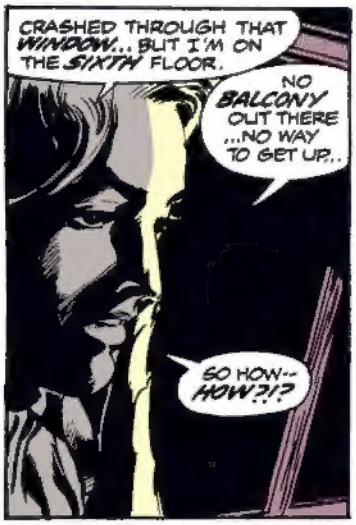

MY FATHER FAILED WITH THIS BUSINESS, BUT I'VE MADE IT INTO A NAME.

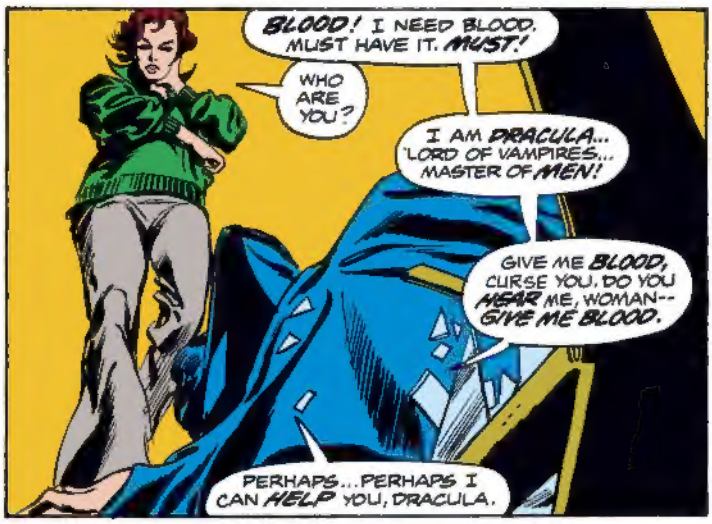

WE'RE BEGINNING TO MAKE IT NOW... BEGINNING TO SHOW A DEFINITE PROFIT.
AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO LET ANY OVER-INFLATED BANK CLERK TAKE IT FROM ME, UNDERSTAND?
SADLY, HARDY SHAKES HIS HEAD. 'LET'S GO OVER YOUR RECORDS, AND WE'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE.''
DAPHNE BEGINS TO ARGUE, THEN SEEING NO POINT TO THAT, CAPITULATES...
BUT ONLY FOR THE MOMENT. AND ONLY BECAUSE SHE HAS TO.

HOURS LATER...
DON'T YOU SEE? YOU WERE HIRING THE WRONG PEOPLE. RIGHT DOWN THE LINE--YOU INSISTED SOLELY ON WOMEN--WHETHER COMPETENT OR NOT
ANY PROBLEM YOU'RE HAVING NOW IS BASED ONLY ON YOUR BAD JUDGEMENT.
OUT OF HERE, HARDY! GET OUT! BEFORE I DECIDE TO SUE YOU FOR DEFAMATION OF CHARACTER
GET OUT!

VERY WELL, MISS WILKINSON. I HAD HOPED TO AVOID THIS MESSY SITUATION--
--BUT I'M AFRAID THAT IN THE MORNING I WILL HAVE TO SWEAR OUT A COURT ORDER FOR YOUR EVICTION!
GOOD DAY
COUGH
GET OUT!
SLAM
DAMN!
CAN'T GIVE IN.. CAN'T. NOT NOW... NOT AFTER ALL THIS TIME
THERE MUST BE A WAY AROUND THIS... MUST BE SOME LOOPHOLE... SOME LEGAL WAY OF UNSLING ALL THIS UP
BLAST THE MAN!
I'VE STRUGGLED TOO LONG... FOUGHT TOO MANY MEN TO GET WHERE I AM NOW.
I'M NOT ABOUT TO LET IT FLICKER AWAY WITHOUT A FIGHT.
EH--? A DRAFT?
CRASH!
IF THAT JACKASS HARDY IS TRYING TO CAUSE MORE PROBLEMS...
WHAT'S GOING ON--?

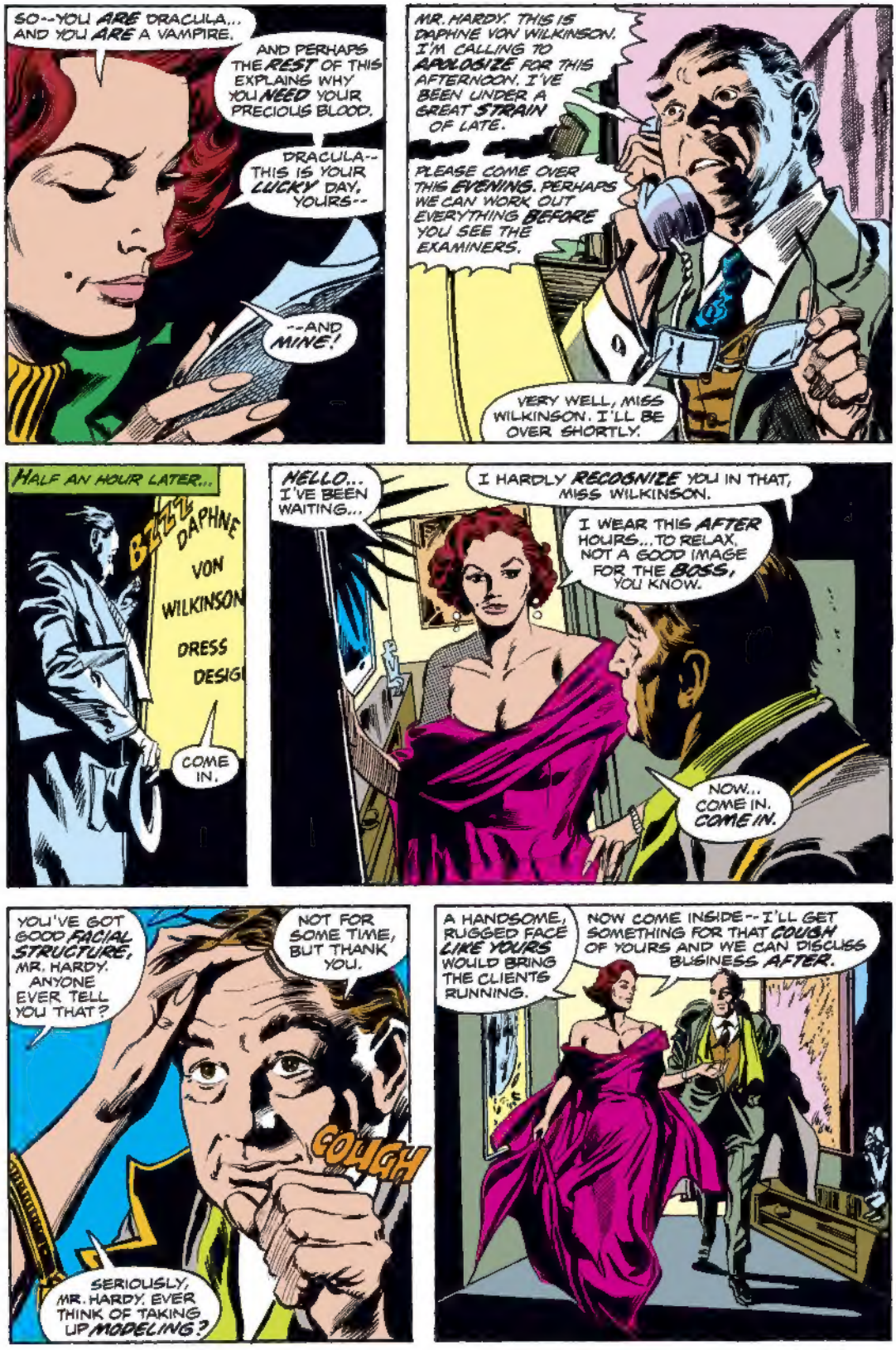
WHO IN THE WORLD?
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

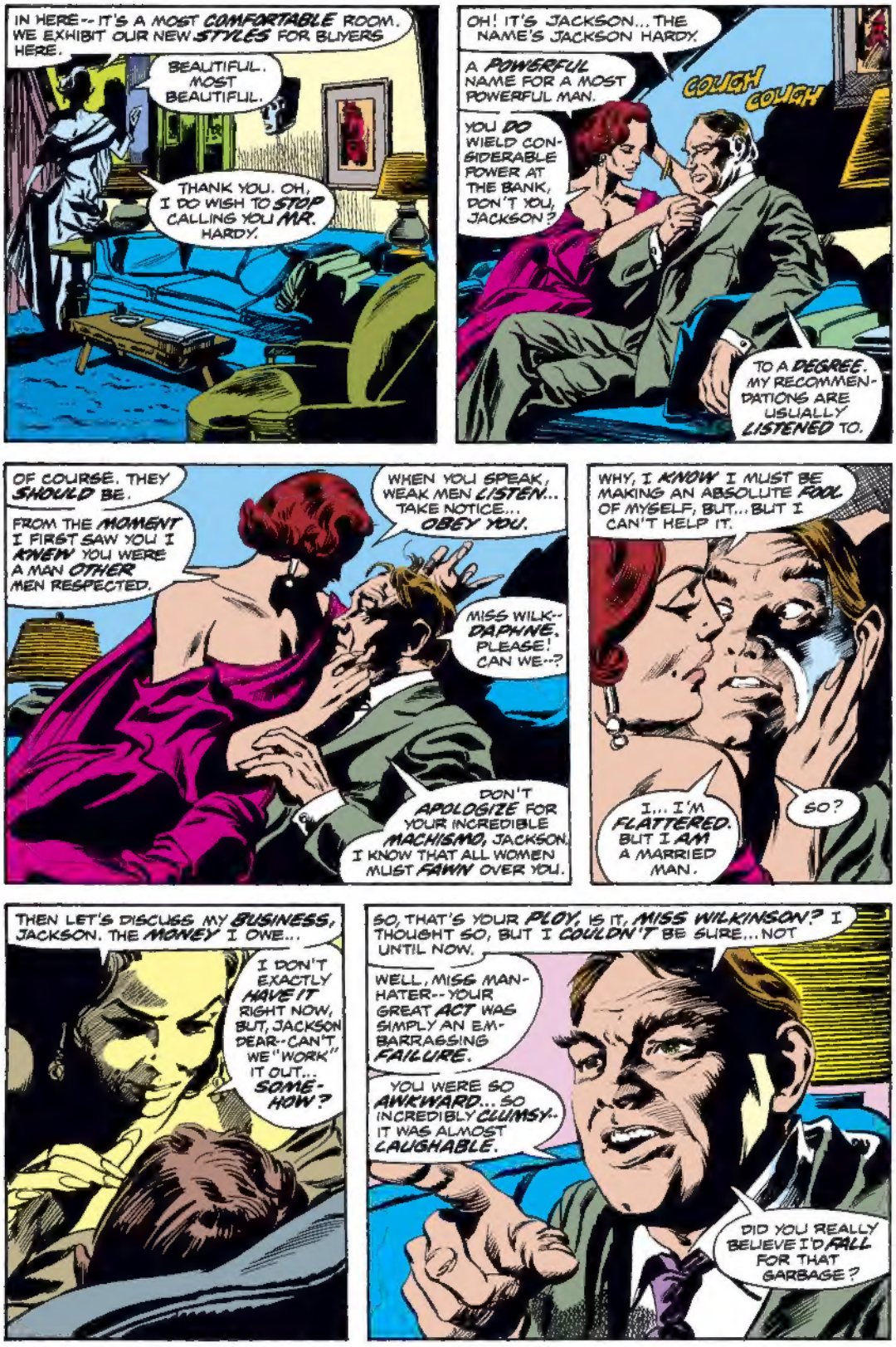

CRASHED THROUGH THAT WINDOW... BUT I'M ON THE SIXTH FLOOR.
NO BALCONY OUT THERE ...NO WAY TO GET UP...
SO HOW-- HOW?!?


BLOOD! I NEED BLOOD. MUST HAVE IT. MUST!
WHO ARE YOU?
I AM DRACULA... LORD OF VAMPIRES... MASTER OF MEN!
GIVE ME BLOOD, CURSE YOU. DO YOU HEAR ME, WOMAN-- GIVE ME BLOOD.
PERHAPS... PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU, DRACULA.

I CAN GET THE BLOOD YOU NEED.
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO DO A FAVOR FOR ME. YOU MUST DO WHAT I ASK. WELL--?
GET ME THE BLOOD! QUICKLY! QUICKLY!

UNNGGG GGHHHHH
FAINTED!
BUT THAT PAPER-- HE'S CLUTCHING IT...
...AS IF IT'S IMPORTANT.


SO--YOU ARE DRACULA... AND YOU ARE A VAMPIRE.
AND PERHAPS THE REST OF THIS EXPLAINS WHY YOU NEED YOUR PRECIOUS BLOOD.
DRACULA--THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY, YOURS--
--AND MINE!
MR. HARDY. THIS IS DAPHNE VON WILKINSON. I'M CALLING TO APOLOGIZE FOR THIS AFTERNOON. I'VE BEEN UNDER A GREAT STRAIN OF LATE.
PLEASE COME OVER THIS EVENING. PERHAPS WE CAN WORK OUT EVERYTHING BEFORE YOU SEE THE EXAMINERS.
VERY WELL, MISS WILKINSON. I'LL BE OVER SHORTLY.
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
DAPHNE VON WILKINSON DRESS DESIG
COME IN.
HELLO... I'VE BEEN WAITING...
I HARDLY RECOGNIZE YOU IN THAT, MISS WILKINSON.
I WEAR THIS AFTER HOURS...TO RELAX. NOT A GOOD IMAGE FOR THE BOSS, YOU KNOW.
NOW... COME IN. COME IN.
YOU'VE GOT GOOD FACIAL STRUCTURE, MR. HARDY. ANYONE EVER TELL YOU THAT?
NOT FOR SOME TIME, BUT THANK YOU.
COUGH
SERIOUSLY, MR. HARDY. EVER THINK OF TAKING UP MODELING?
A HANDSOME, RUGGED FACE LIKE YOURS WOULD BRING THE CLIENTS RUNNING.
NOW COME INSIDE--I'LL GET SOMETHING FOR THAT COUGH OF YOURS AND WE CAN DISCUSS BUSINESS AFTER.


IN HERE-- IT'S A MOST COMFORTABLE ROOM. WE EXHIBIT OUR NEW STYLES FOR BUYERS HERE.
BEAUTIFUL. MOST BEAUTIFUL.
THANK YOU. OH, I DO WISH TO STOP CALLING YOU MR. HARDY.
OH! IT'S JACKSON... THE NAME'S JACKSON HARDY.
A POWERFUL NAME FOR A MOST POWERFUL MAN.
COUGH COUGH
YOU DO WIELD CONSIDERABLE POWER AT THE BANK, DON'T YOU, JACKSON?
TO A DEGREE. MY RECOMMENDATIONS ARE USUALLY LISTENED TO.
OF COURSE. THEY SHOULD BE.
FROM THE MOMENT I FIRST SAW YOU I KNEW YOU WERE A MAN OTHER MEN RESPECTED.
WHEN YOU SPEAK, WEAK MEN LISTEN... TAKE NOTICE... OBEY YOU.
MISS WILK-- DAPHNE. PLEASE! CAN WE--?
DON'T APOLOGIZE FOR YOUR INCREDIBLE MACHISMO, JACKSON. I KNOW THAT ALL WOMEN MUST FAWN OVER YOU.
WHY, I KNOW I MUST BE MAKING AN ABSOLUTE FOOL OF MYSELF, BUT... BUT I CAN'T HELP IT.
I,.. I'M FLATTERED. BUT I AM A MARRIED MAN.
SO?
THEN LET'S DISCUSS MY BUSINESS, JACKSON. THE MONEY I OWE...
I DON'T EXACTLY HAVE IT RIGHT NOW, BUT, JACKSON DEAR-- CAN'T WE "WORK" IT OUT... SOMEHOW?
SO, THAT'S YOUR PLOY, IS IT, MISS WILKINSON? I THOUGHT SO, BUT I COULDN'T BE SURE... NOT UNTIL NOW.
WELL, MISS MAN-HATER-- YOUR GREAT ACT WAS SIMPLY AN EMBARRASSING FAILURE.
YOU WERE SO AWKWARD... SO INCREDIBLY CLUMSY-- IT WAS ALMOST LAUGHABLE.
DID YOU REALLY BELIEVE I'D FALL FOR THAT GARBAGE?

WHAT A PITY YOU SAID THAT.
WHAT--?
BECAUSE NOW YOU HAVE TO DIE, JACKSON.
THE WOMAN SAID YOU MUST DIE, YOU SENILE OLD FOOL.
YOU MUST DIE THAT DRACULA MAY LIVE!
FEEL HONORED, CLOD-- BE PROUD THAT YOUR PITIFUL LIFE CAN BE USED TO FURTHER MINE.
YOU DID NOT DIE FOR ANY PEASANT...
...BUT FOR DRACULA-- LORD OF THE DAMNED!
AND THE DEMON WHO WILL NOW SUPPLY THE REVENGE I'VE WAITED SO LONG FOR.

NEXT: FOUR MEN MUST DIE! BLOODBATH IN LONDON! BE HERE!